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# Wick



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## Chapter 1 by OWEN STEPHENSON

(I hate my friends, they would never make me do this..) I thought. I was in the middle of a forest, a candle as my only light source. I was supposed to "survive until the morning," which I guess the threat was a bear. At least the forest was foggy and uninhabited. I continued forward along the path I was walking on, when I realized my candle was starting to melt. "Oh...no..."

A small light caught my eye, and I walked towards it like any other person who doesn't know what to do would. Another candle! How convenient. I transferred the light and picked up the candle... when I saw a masked child RIGHT IN MY FACE. I let out a small "EEP!" and fell on the ground as he/she disappeared with a high pitched, bone chilling sound. "That must have been the threat.." I thought as got off the grass. "I knew this candle wouldn't just stay for the taking."

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